AN EPITAPH.

On the Worſt, and moſt Wicked of all Mankind, C. I.
Who Dyed on the 6th. *of* June. 1681.

THE verieſt Villain e're was born,
The Goodmans great Contempt and Scorn
Lies here Inter'd, if *BELZEBUB*
Ha'nt Pickled him in 's *Powdring-Tub.*
His Name was *Kit*, a Rogue (to tell
The Truth) worſe than *ACHITOPHEL:*
His Birth was baſe, and what more odd is,
His Dad a Maker was of Boddice;
Or as ſome Learned Men will have it,
Th' Evidence of an *Affidavit.*
Nor did his Son Degenerate,
Who was far worſe, I know not what:
A Pimp well known to every Harlot;
A Pettifogging Paultry Varlet;
A Rogue in Grain, though not in Scarlet,
Since he ne'er had the Grace to bluſh at
Thoſe Crimes he only made a puſh at.
He was a Knave made up of ſtrife,
A Miſchief-maker all his Life;
An *Hand-Granada*, to Enflame
And ſcatter Coals where e're he came.
But mark! Thoſe Coals this buſie Elfe
Scatter'd abroad, conſum'd himſelf
To *Cinders*, who Dyed, which you pleaſe,
Of the *POX*, or *Foul Diſeaſe.*
Yet were the Fates in one thing kind,
In ſtriking him before-hand *Blind*,
That he might not *behold*, or *view*
That *Shame* his Sins had brought him to.
This (*Reader*,) in great haſte I writ,
That thou at leaſure may'ſt Learn Wit,
And warning take by Curſed *Kit.*

London, Printed by *G. L.* for the Author. 1681.

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